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ALBERT AND MATILDA :

OR,

THE FRIM'S TALE.

(Concluded from our last.)

"HOW shall I describe (said the good old Monk) the contrast betwixt the looks of our unhappy youth at this moment, and on the preceding morning when he left us!—Then innocence faintly enlightened by a gleam of hope, smiled in his features, as he cheerfully bade us adieu, and said, 'Perhaps I may again hear tidings of Matilda; should the will of Heaven deny me happiness with her, I will come back resigned, and dedicate my future life to holy meditation, void of guilt.' But now, he returned breathless and pale, his hands besmeared with blood, his limbs trembling; he could only utter in faltering words, 'Save me, reverend Fathers! save me from justice, from myself, if possible! Behold a murderer!'"

"Some hours elapsed before we could collect from him the circumstances of a crime, which had produced this extreme degree of horror and compunction in a mind so virtuous and innocent as that of Albert; and, having heard the whole, in which he took all the blame to his own hasty conduct, we promised him protection; and endeavoured, tho'

in vain, for two whole days to speak comfort to his troubled mind, and to inspire confidence in the boundless mercy of his God. On the third day we were diverted from this arduous task, by the return and behaviour of one of our dogs; the poor animal, who had been out all day, was restless, and shewed evident marks of a desire that we should accompany him to the relief of some poor wretch, who was unable to reach our convent.

"Father Jerome and I resolved to follow him; and we proceeded about half a mile, when we turned from the beaten tract guided by our dog, to a retired glen where human feet had hardly ever trod before.—Here, on a rock, which projected over a dreadful precipice, sat an unhappy half-distracted object: I need not tell you it was Matilda.

--She had crept, with wondrous difficulty, up a steep ascent to a ledge of rock which overhung a fearful chasm (the very recollection of the place freezes my blood!) When we first discovered her, she was eagerly clinging to a branch of yew which grew from a fissure in the rock above, and which half shaded her melancholy figure.

"The dog followed her steps; but Jerome and I, unable to ascend a path so dangerous, stood unobserved by her, at a little distance on the opposite side the glen.

"When Matilda first perceived the dog, she looked with wildness round her; then fixing her eyes with tenderness on the animal, she said, 'Are you returned to me again? and are you now my friend? Fie, fie upon it! Shall even dogs seduce the helpless!--Perhaps you repent of what you would have done--- You look piteously. Alas! Matilda can forgive you!--Poor brute! you know I followed you all the day long, and would have followed you for ever, but that you led me to a detested convent!--Thither Matilda will not go.---Why should you lead me to a prison? a dog cannot plead Religion in excuse for treachery!' She paused; then taking a rosary of pearls from her side, she fantastically wound it about the dog's neck, saying, 'I have a boon to ask, and thus I bribe you; these precious beads are yours: now guide me to the top of this high mountain, that I may look about me, and see all the world.---Then I shall know whether my Albert still be living---Ah, no! it cannot be! for then Matilda would be happy! and that can never, never be!' She then burst into a flood of tears, which seemed to give her some relief.

"When I thought she was sufficiently composed, Jerome and I discovered ourselves. On this she shrieked, and hid her face; but calling to her, I said, 'Albert is still alive.' She looked at us 'till by degrees she had wildly examined us from head to foot; then turning to the dog, she seized him by the throat, and would have dashed down the precipice, saying, 'Ah, traitor! is it thus thou hast betrayed me?'---But the animal struggled and got from her. She then firmly looked at us, and cried,---'Here I am safe, deceitful monsters! safe from the tyranny of your religious persecution; for, if you approach one single step, I plunge into this yawning gulph, and so escape your power---Ha! ha! ha!--Then recovering from a frantic laugh, she said, 'Yet tell me, did you not say that Albert lives? Oh! that such words had come from any lips but those of a false monk!--I know your arts; with you such falsehoods are re-

ligious frauds; this is a pious lie, to ensnare a poor helpless linnet to it's cage; but I tell you, cunning priest! here I defy you; nor will I ever quit this rock, 'till Albert's voice assures me I may do it safely.'

"You will easily imagine (continued the monk) the situation of Jerome and myself. Ignorant then of the manner in which Matilda had escaped, we could only know from her words and actions that it was she herself, and that her senses were impaired; perplexed how to entice her from this perilous retreat, and knowing that one false step would dash her headlong down the dreadful chasm that parted us, at length I said, 'Gentle maid, be comforted; Albert and Matilda may yet be happy.' Then leaving Jerome concealed among the bushes to watch the poor lunatic, I hastened to the convent, to relate what I had seen.

"Meanwhile Matilda, looking with vacant stare around her, from time to time repeated my words, '*Albert and Matilda may yet be happy*'; then pausing, she seemed delighted with the sound re-echoed from the rocks, again repeating, '*Albert and Matilda may yet be happy*;' still varying the modulation of her voice, as joy, grief, doubt, despair, or hope alternately prevailed in her disordered mind.'

At this interesting period of the narrative, the venerable father was a second time called out; and promised to conclude his story when he returned.

"I will not long detain you, (resumed the Friar) with the effect my narrative had on the dejected Albert: how he at first exclaimed, 'Can there be comfort for a guilty wretch like Albert?' and eagerly ran towards the place; then moved more calmly, on my representing how fatal might be surprize to one in so dangerous a situation; & at length shrinking back, as he approached the spot, and turning to me, he said, 'Father, I will go no further! Heaven has ordained, as a punishment for the murder I have committed, that I should become a witness to the shocking death of the poor lost Matilda; at my approach, in frantic ecstasy she will quit her hold, and perish

before my sight.' I urged him to proceed, but it was in vain; he sat down on a bank, and was silently wrapt in an agony of irresolution, when he heard, at a little distance, the well-known voice of the poor lunatic, still repeating my words; '*Albert and Matilda may yet be happy.*' Roused by the sound, he started up, and cautiously advancing, he exclaimed, 'Just Heaven! fulfil those words, and let them, indeed, be happy.' Matilda knew the voice, and carefully treading a path, which would have seemed impracticable to one possessed of reason, she descended from the ledge on which she sat, and approached with cautious steps; but, at the sight of Albert, she flew impetuously forward, till seeing me, she as suddenly ran back, and would have again retreated to the rock, shrieking, 'It is all illusion!... priestcraft! it is no real Albert, and I am betrayed!' We pursued, and caught her; then finding my religious garb augmented the disorder of her mind, I withdrew, leaving only Albert to calm her needless fears.

"But no persuasion, even from him, could induce her to come within view of the convent gates; I provided, therefore, accommodations for her in the cottage of a labourer, at some little distance; where, for many days, her delirium continued, while a fever threatened a speedy dissolution. During this period, Albert was labouring under all the anxiety which his situation could inspire; the deed he had committed sat heavy on his soul, and he dared not hope for an event which his own guilty thoughts reproached him with having not deserved.

At length the crisis of the fever shewed signs of a recovery, and now his joys were without bounds, even the blood of Conrad seemed a venial crime, and he triumphed in the anticipation of reward for all he had suffered: but this happiness was of short duration, for at that time I received a letter from the abbess Theresa, demanding back the fugitive, whose retreat she had discovered. This requisition I knew I must obey; and giving the letter to Albert, I was going to

explain the necessity of my compliance, when he burst out in bitter execrations against this and all *religious houses*;--cursing their establishment as a violation of the first law of nature, which commands an intercourse betwixt the sexes.

"Having heard, with a mixture of patience, pity, and resentment, all that his rage or disappointment could suggest, I answered nearly in these words, beginning calmly, but by degrees assuming all the authority the case required: 'My son, blame not the pious institutions of our holy church, sanctified by the observance of many ages; nor impiously arraign the mysterious decrees of Providence, which often produce good from evil. This sacred edifice has been consecrated, like many others, by our pious ancestors, for purposes honourable to heaven, and useful to mankind; these hospitable doors are ever open to distress; and the chief object of our care is to discover and relieve it. This holy mansion has long been an asylum against the oppression of human laws, which drove *thee* from thine home; and, but a few days since, *thou* thyself blessed an institution which saved the wretched Matilda, perishing with madness. Nay at this very moment, its mercy shelters from the hands of justice a murderer! yet thy presumption dares deny its general use, from thine own sense of partial inconvenience, and execrate monastic institutions, because by a separation of the sexes, lewdness and sensuality are checked; but know, short-sighted youth, that the world will not remain unpeopled, because a *few* of its members consecrate their lives to *holy meditation*; nor shall the human species become extinct, because Albert and Matilda cannot be united, to propagate a race of infidels and murderers.' I stopped, for I perceived the gentle Albert was touched with my rebuke; and falling on his knees, he cried in the emphatic words of scripture, 'Father! I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight.' 'It is enough, my son, (I replied), and now I will compassionate your situation, I will do more, for though I cannot detain Matilda longer than till she is well.

enough to be removed; yet in that time, if Heaven approve my endeavours, I may contribute to your happiness, by interceding with her father; and should I fail in the attempt, this roof, which thy hasty passion has profaned, shall yet be a refuge to thee from despair; and I will strive to raise thy thoughts above the trifling disappointments of a transitory world.'

"I could not wait the reply of Albert, (said the prior) being at this time called out to welcome the arrival of a stranger, who they said was dangerously ill; this proved to be no other than the wounded Conrad. He, in a few words, explained the motive of his visit, telling me, that immediately after the rencounter, dreading that awful presence in which no secret is concealed, and to which he apprehended he was summoned by his own sword in the injured hand of Albert, he had vowed (if Heaven would grant him life) to repair the wrongs he had committed. He had already executed a deed, resigning all the fortune of her father in favour of Matilda; he had declared his guilty commerce with Theresa, that she might repent, or suffer punishment; he had paid all the debts of Albert, and justified his character to the world; and, finally, he had resolved to implore the prayers of myself, and the venerable fathers of this house, to make him worthy of becoming one of our holy order; that if he lived he might be useful; or if he died he might be happy."

The prior then concluded this interesting narrative, by saying, that Albert and Matilda were united, and are still blessed in each other's virtues, improved by difficulties thus surmounted; that Theresa had too far profaned the laws of Heaven to have any confidence in religion, and died by her own hands; but that Conrad recovered slowly from his wound, and, after living many years an honour to the order he professed, he died in peace: the faithful dog (he said) was the favourite companion of Albert and Matilda, who had begged him from the convent, and encouraged him to

pursue his task of discovering travellers who had lost their way, but whom he now brought to the hospitable mansion of this virtuous pair.

He then briefly hinted arguments in favour of monastic institutions; yet liberally allowing that the religion of his country might in certain points be wrong, and knowing me to be a protestant, I suppose that he acknowledged more than I ought in justice to his candour to relate. For this reason I have purposely suppressed the name and situation of his convent; but I shall ever remember these words, with which he finished this discourse: "True Religion, (said he) howsoever it may vary in outward ceremonies, or articles of faith, will always teach you to do good, to love and help each other; it will teach you, that no sin, however secret, can long remain concealed; and that when the world and all its vanities have palled the sated appetite, you must seek refuge in conscious innocence, or a sincere repentance.—Then, no matter whether you chuse a convent for retirement, or commune with your own heart upon your bed, and be still."

MONKS OF LA TRAPPE IN ENGLAND.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

The Monastery of La Trappe lies between Lulworth Castle and the sea coast, but secured from storms, and sheltered on all sides; the building stands in a bottom; the scenery about it is enriched with plantations. Soon after the commencement of the French revolution, when the religious of all kinds were obliged to seek this country for protection, some monks of La Trappe found an asylum at Mr. Weld's; and, as they increased in number, he erected the present building (under the sanction of government) for their habitation, which may, with strict propriety, assume the name of a convent. This monastery is of a quadrangular shape, with a schilling in the inside, forming the cloisters, and the æra a depository for the dead. We observed several

graves, to some of which were added a wooden cross, either at the head or feet: the living may be said to reside with the dead, and that they may be continually reminded of their mortal state, a grave is always left open for the reception of the next that dies. The cloisters are used for air and exercise in bad weather, having a large cistern at one end for the monks to wash. The entrance to the monastery is on the west side, near the Porter's Lodge, under a long narrow building, which serves for offices of the meaner kind. The porter who received us was dressed in the habit of a convent-brother, wearing a long brown robe of coarse cloth, and a cowl of the same color over his head, a leathern girdle encircled his waist, from which suspended his keys; he spoke to us in a whisper, and desired us to be silent. As we passed through the first court, we fancied ourselves in former days, when the monastic orders flourished; and strange and unusual seemed the appearance of the monks, in the full habit of their order, gliding along, intent on meditation, or employed in manual labor, but not a word spoken. From the court we came to an entrance room, on the walls of which were seen figures of saints, a crucifix on a bleeding heart, and other objects of devotion; thence to the cloisters are several crucifixes on the walls, to excite adoration. We then entered the chapel, which is not splendid, nor highly decorated, but elegantly neat, the altar having a crucifix on its summit, with the paintings of the Virgin and Child, and of patron saints; on each side are stalls for the monks, with their names inscribed, and in each stall a large old missal on vellum, guarded at the corners and sides, and large clasps; a lamp burning perpetually during the presence of the Eucharist; the roodloft contains the organ. Opposite to the chapel are private oratories, embellished, as usual, with paintings of a religious kind, crucifixes, the Virgin and Child, and a whole length of Armand Jean Bouthillier de Rance, who was abbot and reformer of the order. From

another part of the cloisters we entered the chapter-house, whither the monks retire after their meal is over, not to beguile away their time in trifling conversation, but in reading religious books, saying vespers and other evening prayers, and in public self accusation; the walls of this room are covered with religious prints; and at the entrance hung up a board with pegs, on which were suspended bits of wood inscribed with the names of all the monks that had been and are now in the convent, P. Dionysius, P. Hyacinthus, P. Julianus, P. Barnardus, P. Martinus, P. Matthæus, P. Pius, and others, to the number of eighty six: on another board was inscribed a list of the different offices of the church for the day, and the names of such of the fathers as officiated set opposite; below it an exhortation in Latin and French, pointing out the advantages of devotion, and the importance of self-denial. We were next shown the refectory, a very long room, containing a wooden bench, extending on each side; upon the tables were placed a wooden trencher, bowl, and spoon, with a napkin for each monk, and the name of each inscribed over his seat; at the upper end sat the prior, distinguished from the rest of the convent only by his pastoral staff; during the repast the lecturer delivers a discourse to the poor monks. The dormitory next attracted our notice, which extends the whole length of the building, and on each side are ranged the cells of the monks, in which they recline themselves, on wood, with one blanket and a coarse rug; a window at each end to ventilate and air the room, which is dark and gloomy; a clock is stationed at one end, near the entrance, to warn the monks of the hour of matins; and the cells ranged together on each side, like so many caves of death, must unavoidably inspire melancholy reflections. Below is the vestment room, where the vestments of the choir-brothers are hung up, with the name of each inscribed. The domestic offices surround the monastery; and contiguous is the poultry-yard, cattle range,

and rick yard. The ground attached to the monastery contains about one hundred acres, which is cultivated by the monks, with the assistance of a carter and his boy. The community rise at one o'clock in the morning, winter and summer; the choir-brothers then begin their devotions, and continue in the chapel 'till nine o'clock, when each goes to some manual labor, in the garden, on the roads, or on the grounds, 'till eleven, when there is a short service, which last about half an hour, then to labor again, 'till half past one, when they return to prayers for half an hour, and are then summoned to their frugal meal; after this meal is over (the only one they have during the four and twenty hours) they return thanks to God, and adjourn to the chapter-room, where they continue to read or to meditate till their day is nearly over, when they go once more to prayers, and retire to their dormitories about eight o'clock, having spent the whole day in abstinence, mortification, labor, silence, and prayer; and every succeeding day, like the former, continually hastening them to the grave that is open. The severity of this rigid order requires no common devotees; perpetual silence restrains them in the greatest enjoyment of life; perpetual abstinence, mortification and penance, poverty and prayer, seem more than human nature is capable of undergoing; and unless the minds of the religious were buoyed up by the fervour of their devotions, they could not keep themselves alive; they abstain wholly from meat, fish, and fowl; and, during Lent, from butter, milk, eggs, and cheese; but they seem perfectly content. The monks observe perpetual silence, scarcely even look at each other, and never speak but to their prior, and only on urgent occasions; they never wander from their convent without permission of their superior, but go each morning cheerfully to such work as they are directed to perform. As we passed these poor, humble, unoffending monks at their work, they received us with courtesy and humility, but never spoke.—The most perfect

silence and tranquility reigned throughout this little vale, with nothing to interrupt it but the convent bell, and the dashing of waves on the shore: even the winds of heaven are restrained from visiting this place too roughly, for the Downs protects it from their fury.

FATHER PAUL.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

*The assum'd titles,
Or, Authors easy made.*

*Those, who venerate themselves the world
despise.*

YOUNG.

There are some people in life, who are of that peculiar cast of mind, that they claim to themselves what they actually know belongs to others. What is there more despicably mean, than to strive to make ourselves appear the self-owners of *that*, which ne'er hinted to the imagination the thought of being ours?—and when once—

“Our early notices of truth, disgrac'd,
Soon lose their credit, and are all ef-
fac'd.”

Every person's *own* conscience should be the mirror in which should be shewn, the reflection of whatever *he* or *she* actually is; whether gem'd with that glow which disclaims every feeling repugnant to the voice of justice—or, if wrapp'd with the literary clothing of another, or, if warn'd with that star of virtue, which points,

“The truest index of a noble soul.”

Having frequently known the signature of ROLLA, and also one of the female writers (ELLA) to have been claim'd by *those*, who ne'er own'd an author'd scribbler's part—is the inducement of the writer's making these remarks, which he hopes may prove *salutary* to *those*, who are partial in endeavouring to make the “juvenile effusions” of others, belong to themselves, by saying, “That, that and that's mine,

I am its *author* bold and strong,
And I will still my strains prolong.”

One piece in particular, written of the Ladies wearing Tab-Caps," which appear'd in the Museum some weeks since, was also claimed by Mr. —, but,

"I name *him* not," lest some unthinking dame,

"Should cast a sneer at *his* deserved fame."

'Tis not for fear of being robb'd of any little praise, that may be gain'd from the more learn'd part of society that urges these criticisms—But to shew what *some*, will try to accomplish, at the expence of others,

And that we cannot judge, from the mere outward *skin*,*

Of that "unruly member," which doth reign within.

The trifling effusions breath'd from the heart, are merely the soft gradations which fancy suggests, in those moments of retirement, when the mind spontaneously yields her peurile stores in kindness to itself—These alone, are the incentives, which weave the loom for fancy's softer part to ply the moving shuttle, and to make the peice entire.

Plagiarism itself is even scorn'd by those who easily

— "can judge between,

The object seeing and the object seen."

And *he*, who

— "transforms old print

To zigzag manuscript, and cheats the eyes Of gall'ry critics by a thousand arts,"

Should be view'd as drowning in sweet genius's literary stream, and grasping at each fragment tho' howev'r so small, which should be borne on the soft bosom of mild learning's gentler tide.

I would advise those *clever-hearted* souls, that when they again have a wish to become *authors*, to call upon R— or E— and borrow from *them*, a manuscript copy, and bear it *personally* to the Editor, and thus make *themselves* (partially) the possessors of others mongrel rhymes, in a more respectable

manner, than by openly litching from *them* their due—

"And *who* unknown defame us, let *them* be,

Scribbles or *authors*, are like *foes* to me."

ROLLA.

P. S. Rolla never has, nor will he, give others the liberty of attaching his signature to their compositions, (as a *certain* person lately and falsely asserted)—no, and when he *himself* disgraces it—he'll then cast it in the confines of oblivion's darken'd shade.

FROM THE DESK OF POOR ROBERT THE SCRIBE.

A gill a day—the thing is clear,
Twenty-three gallons, makes a year.
Now this would buy a cow and keep her—
Two suits of cloathes—a score of sheep—or
Twenty good things than brandy cheaper.

OLD ROBERT.

THERE is a pleasant little village which stands on the borders of a small lake in the western part of Connecticut. A tavern, the only one in town, kept at the sign of the Grey Goose, entertained the passing stranger, and in the winter evenings was the place where we held our dances—for old Robert used to dance in his younger days. I remember well the merry evenings I have enjoyed there, and methinks I could still "tire down" the puny striplings of the present day.

Among the companions of our recreations were two, whose vivacity and wit I could not but admire—and whose good nature and virtues I could not but love—ABSALOM ACTIVE was the eldest of my friends; his father was poor, but he gave Absalom a good common education, and then bound him apprentice to a waggon maker of the town—When I saw Absalom last, before my late visit to Applebury, it was his birth wedding night. Just 23 years old, he married black-eyed Susan, as we called her—and she might as well have been called red lip'd Susan, for I never saw cherries redder. He had taken a shop for himself, and having got a journeyman from New-York, had added the making of chaises to his old business.

* Dress.

Absalom was frugal; above all Absalom was TEMPERATE.

"Grog and I" he used to say, "are sworn enemies"---Not but now and then he would take a glass of wine, or a mug offlip with a friend; but he drank sparingly. They do say, though, that one fourth of July, his eyes sparkled a little, and he could not say Sheboleth for the soul of him. But that's neither here nor there: he was a sober man.

And what do you think was the consequence? Why, when I went to Applebury last October, who should I hear'm talk of but the good Squire Active---and Deacon Active. Why he has money to lend!--he owns two of the best farms on the south side of the lake---the poor all bless him. He now rides in his coach, on which is painted, a *Bee*, an *Ant*, and a *Glass upside down*, with this motto---"INDUSTRY--TEMPERANCE---By thee, I Ride."

EDWARD EASY, my other friend and companion received from his father a fortune of five thousand pounds. At the age of 19 he took his degree at Yale, with singular honor. The study of the law suited best his capacity and inclination: he studied this science under the most approved masters, and at 22 he appeared at the bar! I never shall forget the day when he made his first plea. All Applebury went down to hear him, for Edward was a favorite of the people;---and well he might be; for there was'nt a single one in all the village, but could tell of some good and kind thing he had done.

The cause he plead was for a poor widow woman. You may remember---it was old Mrs. Rogers, who sold gingerbread and beer just above the stocks and whipping post north of the meeting house. She had an only daughter, a sweet little rosebud, just seventeen, who was the solace and delight of her life.---An unfeeling landlord demanded the sacrifice of Mary, or threatened her ruin.

Well, the court was opened---the witnesses examined---and it came to Edward's turn to speak. He arose---O! he was a handsome man, but now his cheek

look'd pale---his lips trembled---and his white hands shook. My heart trembled for fear he would not go on---by and by his voice rose---his cheeks regained their color---he raised his arm most gracefully, and his eyes sparkled---you might have heard a pin fall---He in one moment did strip up the feelings so against the hard hearted landlord, that every one was in a rage. And then painted the sufferings of the widow and orphan---in spite of me, I cried like a child. I never loved him half so well in my life. Our parson, I remember, said that "the oil of eloquence was on his tongue, and the honey of persuasion distilled from his lips."

I left him just on the eve of being married to Eunice Heartfree. She was worthy of him, she danced delightfully---sung sweetly---could spin fifty knots a day, and the parson's wife was heard to say, that "she made the best pudding of any in the village except herself."

Now until the first day of October, I had not been to Applebury for eighteen years---Just as the old town Clock struck 4, I entered the village. My heart fluttered. I looked anxiously around in hopes to meet the welcome of my friends---A gloom and solemn stillness seemed to pervade the village. Presently the bell tolled---and a funeral procession approached. I alighted at the Inn and immediately enquired who was dead? "Alas the day (exclaimed the old tavern-keeper who did not know me) 'there goes the remains of a man, who eighteen years ago was the most promising youth in all the country. Fortune---education---genius, all united to render him every thing---But the morning bitters---the noontide dram---and the evening sling, have withered the finest flower in nature's Garden. Poor Easy! God rest him!'"

Edward had been INTEMPERATE. Intemperance begat idleness and neglect of business---poverty and wretchedness followed---and he who might have reflected honor on his country, poisoned by grog, died a beggar. But, "men of genius, tread lightly on his ashes, for

he was your kinsman," and if you would avoid his fate, declare with my friend Active, that "you and Grog are sworn enemies"—*Gleaner*.

THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL.

"MONEY is the root of all evil," said a shrivelled superannuated maid, in the store, yesterday.—It is a root, I grant—what grows from it? The fair tree of comfort,—and all the sons and daughters of humanity gather around it. Its branches are very extensive; but so very high, that many cannot reach them, more will not endeavour, and none are satisfied with the abundance they gather. The young adorn themselves with its blossoms, feast on its fruits, and recreate beneath its shade. The aged procure a staff from it to prop them up on their journey. Hoary Prudence stands leaning against its trunk, and beckons the wandering stranger to its friendly shelter. I could not but remember the old observation "sour grapes," and concluded that nature had either formed her a dwarf, or a sluggard. Thou art a most abominable hypocrite, said I (as she was thus moralizing upon a small piece of silver which she had just taken from her purse) thou art a most abominable hypocrite, to charge all thy imperfections, thy sins and thy weaknesses, thy wantings and thy superabundances in tho't, word and deed, to the account of one poor shilling—I doubt not thou bearest about thee a root of a much more prolific and pernicious kind than passive silver—it only wants perverting—I touched the string on which hung all her sorrows." It was no doubt, a painful remembrance, that no hand had ever attempted to gather the bitter fruit—nature had been remarkably provident in her formation, by throwing so many evils together into the same lump, that one was a guardian to the other.—Strange as it may seem, after moralizing a full half hour, this root of evil produced a gay flower, she greedily plucked—it was, no doubt, to be set, as an allurements to entice the simple, unwary admirer—It were better, madam' (said I, as she was going out) it were better

to exhibit the decay of your features, a signal of distress; who knows but you might move the tender heart of pity to relieve you.

The man who will needlessly sport with the weaknesses, or calamities of others, merely to shew his wit, deserves to become a participator in those mortifications which arise from a consciousness of them. Railery is applied as a goad to the mind, to stimulate it to bear its equal portion of the burden of moral duty: Our care should be, not to wound so deep as to weaken it. Nature, our common mother, has accommodated all her children with certain privileges, as essential to their existence; successful industry has improved them into conveniences, and pride decorates them with the superfluous appendages of luxury. Pride is a revolter, a rebel against nature, for she, no doubt, intended to support and protect her children, independent of art: and when they become undutiful, a short lecture of morality, even from the mouth of railery, cannot be improper.

DISTRESSING CASE.

From the Caledonian Mercury of Sept. 9th last

"One morning last week, an unfortunate man in Edinburgh put an end to his life. A widow, and three helpless children, one of whom is only three years of age, and another not two months, are the unhappy sufferers by this event. The deceased was a confidential clerk, in a respectable house in that city; distinguished for intelligence superior to his station in society, and his conduct thro' life marked by the strictest integrity and sobriety. About six weeks ago he fell into a state of melancholy and in spite of every effort to divert or soothe him, the malady gradually increased. While in this state, he swallowed a quantity of laudanum; but by the entreaties of his afflicted wife, he was prevailed upon to take an antidote.—From this period, however, his language and conduct bespoke a fixed determination to effect his purpose by means more speedy and cer-

tain ;and his wife, aware that any interference on the part of others would only have accelerated his design, concealed her distress, still indulging the hope that she might be able to divert him from his purpose. His eldest son, an interesting youth about thirteen, never failed under some pretence or other, to accompany him to the place of his employment, and to be in the way to return with him. The situation of the wife and son during this interval may be better conceived than described. On Tuesday morning last at a half past five o'clock, he stole from his bed, and though discovered by his son, and afterwards by his wife, with a pistol in his hand, he contrived in a few minutes to elude the vigilance of his family, and finally committed the desperate act, which laid him, who had hitherto been their faithful and affectionate protector, lifeless at their feet. On the night preceding this catastrophe, he read to his wife the following lines, which appeared to have been partly written in the course of the day. They were found in his pocket next morning, and describe in a very striking manner the horror of mind to which he fell a victim :—

Firm fixed as fate, misfortune takes her stand,
Nor will abate one ounce. The cup is full,
The bitter draught is mixed ; and drink it to the drugs

I must. Well, be it so. But will that drink suffice ;

Will that insure oblivion, cancel injuries,
And reparation make to thee—faithful un- fortunate,

Worthy a better fate. And ye, poor innocents !

This lucid moment tells me it will not.

Alas ! it tells me also more.—Distraction !
Art thou here again ?

Avaunt ! thou imp of darkness—Despair !
Dost thou again assail me ?—Curst impiety !
And dare I harbor thee !—

Oh God ! thou know'st the texture and the frame

Of human passion. If thou would'st thou could'st

But then the will of man were not left free.

What then is man ?—A passive agent.

Where does this lead ? Reverts it not against me ?

Well, I will chase distraction. It I can chase,

But who is proof against insanity ? for once I'll try.

Thus far I keep coherence. Perhaps I'll conquer.

This night is mine so far. To-morrow is to face

" Whatever is is right." This is not clear.

A mind at ease may say so. But to say
And feel are two distinct and separate things.

I'm not well school'd in this philosophy.

Other enigmas crowd upon my mind.

Have I been rampant, wilful, prone to vice ?

My general conduct does belye it. No ;

The general tenor of my life was regular ;

My will, my actions, leaned to what was right.

And yet, O ! riddle to myself ; how stands it !

Curse—cruel—but—perhaps—

'Tis darkness—. The reason why and wherefore

This single singularity ?—

Ruin immense ! immeasurable horror !

My brain again !—Oh ! fatal credulity !

Fatal, thrice fatal, to me and mine.

No opening left !—No, not a crevice !

Fate circumscribes the circle, and I enter—

—Off, rabble, off—ye are no judges.

Oh ! my poor innocents ! Oh ! Oh !

VARIETY.

FACILITY OF CHANGE IN AN AMERICAN LAWYER.

PATRICK HENRY, the famous orator of Virginia, is said to have been once placed in the following awkward predicament

Engaged in a most extensive and lucrative practice of the law, he mistook in one instance, the side of the cause on which he was retained, and addressed the court and jury in a very splendid and convincing speech in behalf of his antagonist. His distracted client came up to him, whilst he was proceeding, and interrupting him, bitterly exclaimed : " You have undone me !—You have ruined me !" " Never mind, give yourself no concern," said the adroit

advocate, and turning to the Court and Jury, continued his argument by observing, " May it please your honors, and you gentlemen of the jury, I have been stating to you what my adversary may urge on his side. I will now show how fallacious his reasoning, and how groundless his pretensions are." The skilful orator proceeded, satisfactorily refuted every argument he had advanced and gained his cause!—*Richmond Enquirer.*

Fashionable *dashing* characters may be compared to a dashing torrent--all noise, all foam, all violence for a moment, and then spent or exhausted forever: or to a comet, attracting all eyes for a short time, but cheering no system, and perhaps endangering all: or to a kettle drum which owes its power of making a noise to brass and emptiness: or to some vile liquors--hot in the mouth, but without a body.

A barrister, not overburthened with abilities, had pleaded, in the court of chancery, the case of some orphans. As the lord chancellor was going out, the counsel entered into some conversation with him, and said he hoped he had been successful, in exciting his compassion. " You have indeed," said he, " I pity you very much."

DEW.

Dr. Wells, in his essay on dew, says that dew very seldom or never falls on cloudy nights; that it is deposited most copiously on those substances which radiates heat best, and upon each according to its radiating power--and that those bodies upon which dew falls are many degrees (from 14 to 20) colder than the atmosphere. Hence, heat being radiated from those bodies on which it falls, they become colder than the atmosphere, and the aqueous vapor in the air is in consequence condensed and deposited in the form of dew.

He who will take no pains, will never build a house three stories high.

ORIGIN OF MUSIC.

The following elegant article is extracted from Mr. D'Israeli's volume of romances: " One evening, beneath a lofty myrtle-tree, Amaryllis was lamenting the death of a nightingale. She compared its long and dying fate, to the gentle airs, moving the tops of the hollow reeds, making a moaning melody.

' Studious to charm his beloved with the voice of the nightingale, the thro'ts of Lycidas produced a sleepless night; the next day he gave Amaryllis the care of his goats, and promised an early return. The sun declined, and Lycidas returned not. Amaryllis sighed at his farewell beam. She sat, her head reclined on her arm. Suddenly aerial notes floated in remote sounds. The startled Amaryllis exclaimed--the airs sing in the clouds! The notes seemed approaching to her. She looked at the myrtle tree. They warbled musically clear. She perceived Lycidas; he held something in his hands to his lips--hast thou found a nother nightingale? (Lycidas replied but by the accents of his harmonious mouth) What miracle is this? Canst thou give a vocal soul to a hollow reed? Yes, (replied Lycidas) it was thou who didst instruct me: Thou didst resemble the voice of the nightingale to the light airs, breathing in the hollow REEDS. All day I wandered for a nightingale, and I found none; I took a reed and made little entrances for my breath:--I said, O gentle REED! I can give thee AIR, if thou canst yield the voice of the nightingale.--I BREATHED, and it was MUSIC."

A STORY

Of an old German Officer who had a strong idea of military promotion.

It was his custom to make his children read a chapter in the Bible every Sunday afternoon. Upon mention being made of Nebuzaradan, captain of the guard, coming to Jerusalem, 2 Kings, xxv. 3. he stopped the reader, and cried out in a tone of voice that shewed how much he was interested in the matter--" Good God! Is that man still a captain? why, he was a captain when I was a little boy; promotion in his regiment must be very slow!"

Seat of the Muses.

For the New-York Weekly Museum.

—
"Friend of the muse and all her train,
For thee I court the muse again."

—
LONG had the yielding harp inviting hung,
Neglected not forgotten but forlorn :
Long since its wires in willing numbers
rung,
And held sweet converse with the smiling
morn.

LONG had it hung forsaken in that spot,
Had not the spider made his dwelling
there ;
To him alone had fallen the happy lot,
To be its sole companion in despair.

This little architect, his silken web,
Long had entwined between the silver
wires,
Had not the minstrel's fancy ceased to ebb
And gently turned the tide of his desires.
Poor little weaver ! when I think of thee,
That I have driven thee from thy fairy
home :

Destroy'd thy dwelling, who ne'er troubled
me,
And chas'd thee off in misery to roam

My heart is rent. I'll hang my harp again,
Where, long neglected, it was wont to be ;
And wast thou not, thou little vixen, slain,
I'd cease to think of it or think of thee.

But, since some cruel hand has sealed thy
doom,
I'll hang above thy grave a pearly tear :
A shadowy willow shall protect thy tomb :
The fly itself shall weep thy fate severe.

No marble pillar no erudite stone
Shall tell in future times, thy fate to me ;
Thy name shall flourish with my harp
alone,
And when I think of it I'll think of thee.

But lest some inexperienced lad should see
This sorrowing willow and this glittering
tear,
And not divine that they were meant for
thee,
I'll trace thy story and suspend it here.

Here lies, but not neglected or forgot,
A curious weaver of no common skill :
He lived, is dead, O man the shameful blot !
Was crush'd by thee and murder'd by thy
will.

SUILENROC.

—
For the New-York Weekly Museum.

MR. ORAM,

The following beautiful stanzas are from
"*Edmund the Wanderer*,"—They appear
to have been written when every hope had
fled his desponding soul—and are truly
the sorrow-breathings of disappointment ;
caus'd by the avarice of Lincea's guardian,
whose ungenial bosom, had ne'er known
that god-like passion of the feeling breast.

ROLLA.

THE mild blush of eve is no more in the
west ;
The shades of still night softly steal o'er
the plain ;
But soon will Aurora awake from her rest
And cheer with her smiles all creation
again.

Not so with this bosom by sorrows oppress'd,
The bright beam of hope will never more
cheer,
Or relume with a ray the wanderer's breast
Whose heart is a prey to anguish severe.

But why tell the griefs which my bosom
now fill !

Why to strangers the cause of my sor-
rows disclose !

There are few who acknowledge compas-
sion's soft thrill—

There are none can restore to my bosom
repose.

O ye, who the welfare of mortals control !
Why thus should ye cruelly sever apart
Two beings endear'd by an union of soul—
Two join'd by the sweetest connexion of
heart.

Ye zephyrs that flutter, regardless along
By the cot near the stream that is sung
by the bard,
Convey in soft pity the plaint of his song
And the sigh which she breathes shall be
your reward.

FROM MOORE'S SACRED MELODIES.

WERE not the sinful Mary's tears
An offering worthy heaven,
When o'er the faults of former years
She wept—and was forgiven?—

When, bringing every balmy sweet
Her day of luxury stor'd,
She o'er her Saviour's hallowed feet
The precious perfume pour'd—

And wip'd them with that golden hair,
Where once the diamond shone,
Tho' now those gems of grief were there
Which shine for God alone!

Were not those sweets so humbly shed—
That hair—those weeping eyes—
And the sunk heart, that truly bled—
Heav'n's noblest sacrifice?

Thou that has slept in error's sleep,
Oh! wouldst thou wake in heav'n,
Like Mary kneel, like Mary weep,
"Love much"—and be forgiven!

This world is all a fleeting show,
For Man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow:
There's nothing true but Heaven.

And false the light on glory's plume
As fading hues of even,
And love, and hope, and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gather'd from the tomb:
There's nothing bright but Heaven.

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we're driven;
And fancy's flash, and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way,
There's nothing calm but heaven.

* "Her sins, which are many, are forgiven,
for she loved much."—St. LUKE vii 47.

ON A ROSE.

What beauty adorns the sweet Rose,
Bedew'd with the tears of the morn;
But doom'd are its charms soon to close,
Its place to be filled by the thorn.

Thus man's transient life glides away,
—And swiftly youth's pleasures are fled:
Years, very few years bring decay,
Then o'er his cold ashes we tread

From the Nantucket Gazette.

ELEGIAC STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF A FRIEND.

WHAT is this world but sorrows seminary?
The Instructor, disappointment! And he—
Who nobly bears this rigid tutor's discipline,
Displays more magnanimity than Macedonia's Hero.

How feebly gleam'd the Sun's last parting ray,
When Henry left his much lov'd natal shore,
Ah me! how languid beam'd the star of day,
When eye met eye—alas! to meet no more.

Now Spring to us an annual guest returns,
But ah, my Henry's eyes are clos'd in sleep
A lowly mound his lovely form inurns
While sprites unseen their mournful vigils keep.

Celestial Shade! from gross materials free
Thy purer essence soar'd to realms of light,
"Unfetter'd as the thought that follows thee"
Thou soar'st 'mid fields of ambient ether bright.

When thou wast summon'd to thy native skies,
Thy guardian spirit whisper'd peace and rest;
How softly clos'd thy much lov'd speaking eyes
As life's frail tenant fled thy youthful breast.

The Moon's pale beams shall oft illumine thy grave,
Spring's choicest plants shall mildly flourish there,
The Cypress guard it and the Willow wave;
And plaintive moans sigh softly through the air.

The mournful night-shade and the lurid yew,
Immingle foliage o'er thy dark retreat,

With "milder tears" thy *early* grave bedew
Round which affection's votaries oft shall
meet.

I'd weave a Garland for my Henry's Tomb,
And bid it bloom upon his lowly bed
Could I steal softly through the midnight
gloom

Unseen, unnotic'd, where my love is laid.

Affection's tear should *love* the verdant sod,
That softly slumbers o'er thy hallow'd
dust,

Then bow submissive to the will of God,
And own his dispensations wise and just.

And when my pilgrimage of life is o'er,
If I am shelter'd in the port of rest,
Where adverse gales can ne'er assail me
more,

"I'll seek my love* and clasp him to my
breast.

HELEN.

*It is the opinion of Dr. McBride, Dr Blair, Elizabeth Rowe, and many others, that particular friendships cultivated on Earth will not be excluded from heaven. They suppose those singular affinities and favorable concurrences will be renewed in the mansions of glory and happiness.

NEW-YORK,

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1816.

Intelligence.

From late Foreign Papers.

All doubts and conjectures about the harvest (says the Lond. Morning Chronicle) of the 5th ult are now at an end. The fair prospect which, some weeks ago, we fondly entertained, is totally obscured—and we lament to say, that the wheat which has been reaped in all the chief corn-districts, turns out to be so pasty and cold as to bear no sale in the market, because it can only be manufactured into flour when kiln dried. The old wheat only is purchased, and the consequence is, that the average price is now above eighty shillings: that it is clear the ports must open on the 15th November next.—Wheat is quoted as worth \$3 50 per bushel, and flour \$14 50 per barrel.

[In consequence of the above intelligence from Liverpool, flour rose in this market from two to three dollars a barrel; a number of expresses were dispatched to the southward, and a pilot-boat sailed also for Charleston.—Superfine Flour is now quoted in this city, from \$12 to \$13.]

The London papers say, that during the late attack of Lord Exmouth on Algiers, the Algerines were assisted by 40,000 Arabs, who, after the battle, abandoned their arms, and became a great annoyance to the city.

The British ship of the line Impregnable, in the bombardment of Algiers, had 268 shot in her, 50 below her lower-deck ports, of which many were 68 pounders.—She expended 18 1-2 tons powder, 120 tons of shot, and 54 thirty-two pound rockets. She had 150 men killed and wounded on board her.

It was supposed that the French frigate found in the Bay, had landed a number of French engineers, to manage the defence against Lord Exmouth.

Singular Villainy.—One day last month, the following extraordinary act of atrocity was committed in the neighborhood of Freehold, Greene Co. in this state. A woman in a decent garb, travelling on foot with a child in her arms, stopped at a house on the road, (probably selected for the purpose) the mistress of which was busied in clearing off her dinner table from which the males of the family had just gone to their labor in the field, while her child lay sleeping in its cradle. The wanderer complained of great fatigue, and begged permission to stop with her burden and rest awhile. The good woman kindly consented, bid her put her child in the cradle with her own, offered her some food and proceeded on her work.—The stranger kept the children quiet until she said she was well refreshed and ready to depart, when she took one of them and carefully wrapped it in its blanket, thanked her hostess very civilly for her entertainment, and left the house. Half an hour after the infant remaining in the cradle

waked, and the mother went to the cradle to nurse it, when, upon opening its covering, she was struck with horror at finding a *black child* instead of her own! The neighbors were alarmed, and the magistrates applied to, and a search immediately commenced for the artful wretch who perpetrated the nefarious act, but without success a fortnight after the event, when our informant was at the place.—*Mer. Adv.*

From the Zanesville, (Ohio) Messenger, October 31.

Emigration to the West!—It is remarked, by those whose opportunities for observation enable them to judge correctly, that the number of Emigrants from the eastward the present season, far exceed what has ever been heretofore witnessed. It is impossible to calculate to a certainty the number of persons who have passed through this place within a few weeks past; but it must amount to some thousands, besides those who have descended the Ohio, or taken other routes by land. On some days from 40 to 50 waggons have passed the Muskingum at this place. The emigrants are from almost every state north and east of the Potomack, seeking a new home in the extensive territories of the west; and travelling in various modes—some on foot, some on horses, and others in different kinds of vehicles, from the ponderous Pennsylvania waggon, to the light New-England pleasure carriage.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED.

On the evening of the 29th ultimo, in the Moravian Church, by the rev. Benjamin Mortimer, Doctor James S. Stringham, to Miss Jane Ten Brook, daughter of Mr. Ten Brook, merchant, of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. Isaac Ceilker, merchant, of New Orleans, to Miss Charlotte Littell, daughter of Mr. Joseph Littell of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Milledoler, Mr. Abraham Vorhees, merchant, to Miss Eliza Ann Weld, of Boston.

By the rev. Mr. Fenwick, Mr. Richard Downing, to Miss Ann Doud.

By the rev. Mr. Lyell, Mr. Samuel White, to Miss Mary Mackay, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Andrews, Mr. Moses Oakley, to the amiable Miss Mary Harrison, all of this city.

At Rockaway, Mr. John Van Nostrand, to Miss Rachel Hinchman, both of Jamaica.

By the rev. Mr. Feltus, Mr. Henry Van Syth, aged 80, to Miss Susan Lewis, aged 30, step-daughter of Mr. Caesar Carr, Oysterman, all of this city.

CUPID! thy power's confest by all,
The station high or low;
The fair, the sable, great and small,
Feel arrows from thy bow!

As Susan by her father's fire,
Was Blue-point Oysters stewing,
Harry was filled with young desire,
The lovely maiden viewing.

Soon to the maid he told his pain,
And woo'd her for his bride;
Nor did the lover sue in vain,
For they're by Hymen tied.

At Washington, Mr. Richard T. Queen, to Miss Mary E. King.

ALAS! in this degen'rate age,
What wonders may be seen!
It is recorded on this page,
A King's become a Queen!

In foreign climes, when *Queens* and *Kings*
In Hymen's bondage meet,
We, in the common course of things,
Princes expect to greet.

But in this land of happiness,
When *Kings* and *Queens* unite,
May heav'n send *Queens* the pair to bless,
Though not a *Prince* see light.

OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 43 persons during the Week ending on Saturday the 9th inst.

DIED.

Capt. David Sherry.

Mr. Gideon Thornton, drowned, by being upset in the East River the 31st ult. near Hurl Gate.

Mrs. Hester Gates, aged 34, consort of Mr. Thomas B. Gates.

Mrs. Catharine Warsing, aged 33.

Mr. Monson Hayt, aged 29.

Mr. John Codet, aged 30.

Mr. George H. Beck, merchant.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ritter, aged 76.

At Trenton, Mrs. Ann Maria Hunt, aged 42, relict of the late gen. Peter Hunt.

VENTRILOQUISM.

Last Saturday being market day, as Mr. Rammie was walking up street, passing a store door, where there were a number of people standing: he met a black man with a head of cabbage under his arm: he made a voice to come out of the cabbage, like the squeaking of a young pig: the black fellow immediately looked at the cabbage to see if he had got a pig there; it again began to squeak, he threw it from him, as the cabbage rolled the squeaking continued, the dogs became alarmed and the man very much frightened, took to his heels and ran a considerable distance before he durst stop, to the no small amusement of the spectators: when he came back and took up the cabbage, he held it a distance for some time, lest it should begin again. When he was told the meaning of it, he said surely *de devil was in de man*.---*Ca lisle pap.*

FIDDLE FISHING, OR A DIVE TO SOME TUNE.

A young gentleman, having a famous water spaniel, walking near St. Clement's Church, Manchester, threw a stone into a pond there, for the purpose of shewing the aquatic powers of his dog in diving for it. The animal immediately jumped in and eagerly explored the bottom; when after about a minute's immersion, he brought up a green bag, which on opening, to the astonishment of all, contained an excellent violin and fiddle stick. An honest Hibernian present, called out—"Throw in another stone, young jontleman, and who knows but he may bring up the fiddler."

OF THE TRIAL OF THE DEAD.

There was in Egypt one sort of trial altogether extraordinary, which nobody escaped. It is consolation in dying, to leave one's name in esteem among men; and of all human blessings this is the only one of which death cannot rob us. But it was not allowed in Egypt indiscriminately to praise all the dead.

This honour could only be conferred by a public decree. The moment the man died he was brought into judgment. The public accuser was heard. If he proved that the conduct of the deceased had been bad, his memory was condemned, and he was deprived of burial. The consequence was that the people admired the power of the laws, which extended to men even after death, and every one, struck by example, feared to disgrace his memory and his friends.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

The dazzling rays of beauty may affect us like a charm; but if they have nothing to support them, their effects like those of a fairy tale, will soon vanish. And when this delusive fascination slips from before our eyes, we shall find that we have been caught by a thing as light as air, without one single quality to fill the capacities of a sensible and liberal mind; for as beauty decays, the image it impressed wears out. True love is always disinterested, always constant. Those whose fortunes are nearly equal, have the best chance for happiness. But unfortunately in this age Plutus carries more to Hymen's altar than Cupid.

Hugo Aarnot was for along time afflicted with a very bad cough. One day, after a severe fit, meeting the late Mr. Tyler of Woodhouselee, he remarked to him, that 'this d—d cough would certainly carry him off some day *like a rocket*.' 'Aye, aye, Mr. A.' observed Mr. T. 'it's my opinion, however, if you dinna mend your manners, you'll tak a *contrary direction*.'

THE MUSEUM

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